

6<sup>d</sup> WISHES  
TO A *Eng. Poetry vol 170*  
GODSON,  
WITH OTHER  
MISCELLANY  
POEMS.

---

By B. M. *K*

---

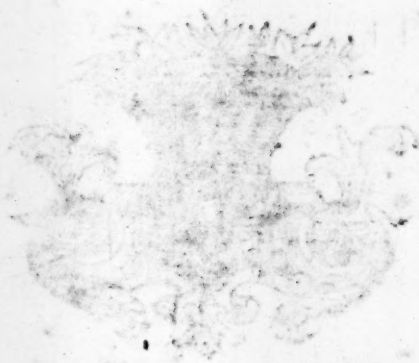


---

LONDON:

Printed for J. Baker, at the Black-Boy, in  
Pater-Noster-Row: 1712. Price 6 d.  
6. Novemb.

WILKES  
TO A  
GODSON  
WITH OTHER  
MISCELLANY  
POEMS



LO YU DO  
Printed for J. B. B. in the Press  
of the University of Toronto  
1880

---

---

# WISHES

TO A

# GODSON.

**T**HIS Day Twelvemonth, Smiling Boy,  
People wish'd your Parents Joy,  
With your pretty Self, whose Birth  
Is th' Occasion of our Mirth.  
May we meet on't and be merry,  
Drink as much as Guts can carry  
Every Year, that thus it may  
Still in Pleasure slide away;

May you live to be a Man,  
 Handsome, Sturdy, Tall, and then,  
 May you've Linnen fine and Plenty,  
 Shirts a Dozen, if not Twenty ;  
 And a Laundress kept in Pay,  
 T' have a clean one every Day ;  
 May your Hose, whate'er you feel  
 At the Toes, stand buff at Heel ;  
 May your Shoes be neat and easie,  
 And your Cloaths ne'er tore nor greasie ;  
 May you ne'er as other Wretches,  
 Wear your Hat to hide your Breeches ;  
 May your Whigs ne'er look like Gold,  
 Or, to stop a gap, be Sold ;  
 And your self compell'd to wear,  
 For good husbandry your Hair ;  
 May no Tradesman ever sue ye,  
 Shoemaker, or Taylor dun ye ;

May



May your Chapmens Wives be kind,  
 Barbers dumb, and Cuckolds blind;  
 Footmen clever, Porters Witty,  
 May you've Credit in the City;  
 And a hundred Pounds to spare,  
 May y' at Noon in Hacknies dare,  
 By the *Counter* Gates to pass,  
 Without drawing up the Glafs.  
 Of the handsome Female fry  
 May you've still variety;  
 Without feeing of a Bawd,  
 Some at Home, and some Abroad;  
 May your Whores be prudent, true,  
 And Coquets to all but you,  
 Cleanly, Buxom, Gen'rous taking  
 And be sure of your own making;  
 May you never stick to one,  
 Or, by fondness be undone;

But

But have Forty at a call,  
 And be fit to serve them all.  
 May the silly Creatures love ye,  
 Never strive to rule above ye;  
 But if one imperious grows,  
 Without Arguments, or blows,  
 May you've always grace enough,  
 Unconcern'd to turn her off;  
 Heaven fend you pleasant Blades,  
 Men of Sense and merry Jades  
 To converse, to drink, and stay with,  
 And Rich, easie, Fools to play with;  
 May you've lofty lightsome Rooms,  
 Free from Smoak, and tight as Drums;  
 Old Tobacco just in cue,  
 And your Pipes be *Male* and new;  
 May you never drink on tick,  
 Guzzle Belch to make you sick;

Trust

Trust to Punch made out of fight,  
 Tho' a Priest should swear it's right;  
 May you ne'er be fill'd with Wine,  
 But what's found, unbrew'd and Fine,  
 And the Dog that draws you bad,  
 Lose his Nose, and beg his Bread;  
 May your Cooks ne'er spoil your Meat,  
 Be good humour'd quick and neat.  
 May no Drawers stun your Ear,  
 With their Coming, Coming, Sir;  
 But be handy, brisk and clean,  
 Of an unaffected Mien,  
 Seldom heard but often seen,  
 Not Conceited, pert or dull,  
 Mind your P--fs pot, when 'tis full;  
 Leave you Snuffers, shut the Door,  
 And be used to call a Whore.

May the well wash'd Flint abound,  
 And you ne'er in Clubs be found,  
 Where one greasie Glas goes round ;  
 May y' in Taverns ne'er be thought,  
 One that's pleas'd with finding fault ;  
 But commanding without Noise,  
 Kind to Men, and grave to Boys ;  
 May your Count'nance ne'er be sad,  
 When they tell you what you've had ;  
 But at parting with your Chink,  
 Always smile, whate'er you Think ;  
 Even where the Bill's too high,  
 May you never brawlingly,  
 Fret, or Scold, about the pay,  
 But discharge, and keep away ;  
 Knowing that who Scores too fast,  
 Will be broke, or damn'd at last ;



May you never when y'are Drunk  
 Stumble on a rotten Punk ;  
 Give offence to Fighting Blockheads,  
 Or meet Jades, that pick your Pockets ;  
 But go without more ado,  
 Quietly to Bed, and Sp--e.

May your Teeth be all your own,  
 May you've never Gout, or Stone,  
 Claps or Pains that reach the Bone ;  
 And whate'er your Body lacks,  
 May you never trust to Quacks ;  
 May you ne'er be counted Loud,  
 Lying, Positive, or Proud :  
 Not too Witty, nor too Shallow,  
 But what's call'd an honest Fellow ;  
 One that to the Chapters end,  
 Loves his Bottle and his Friend ;

These and Thousand Blessings more,  
 Than I have leifure to run o're,  
 Light upon my little Godson,  
 Th——d——re the Son of H——d——son.

---

## To Madam N.

F A I R Innocence, in whose sweet looks  
 ( appear,  
 Such sprightliness, and so much modest fear ;  
 Tell me what jarring Witchcraft reigns within  
 That can both tempt us, and forbid to Sin ?  
 Some strange harmonious discord rules your  
 ( Eyes,  
 For there, an Army of young *Cupids* lies ;  
 But close to them a Cross-grain'd Goddess  
 ( clings,  
 That, as they strive to mount, witholds their  
 ( Wings.

I see the Mien of Virtue, yet can trace  
 Some secret Wishes in that Heav'nly Face;  
 There I can read that in despite of Art,  
 Early or late you will reveal your Heart;  
 When mighty Love shall seize on Modesty,  
 Force her to let his little Archers fly;  
 That shall, assisted by your own desire,  
 Set the grave Deity's strong Camp on Fire;  
 Till all her Tents a blaze, she'll quit her  
 (ground,  
 And be no where, but in your Blushes found;  
 Then shall those shining Orbs emit their  
 (store,  
 Of active brightness that was hid before;  
 Thrice happy he, that shall behold them kind,  
 Tho' using all their pow'r to strike him blind!  
 What raptures of the Soul must not ensue,  
 When in tumultuous Joy a balmy dew,

Shall glaze your twinkling Eyes, and rays of  
(light,

At random darted, dazle out his fight.

Whilst lost in Pleasure on each others Breast  
Struggling you'll seem in murmurs to contest,  
Which shall die first to make the others blest.

## LEANDER's *excuse* to CLORIS.

I.

**W**HEN once on Bed we talk'd and  
(play'd,  
My *Cloris* I remember said,  
Her noble Passion was above,  
The gross and brutish part of Love;  
Then, if my Dear you're so refin'd,  
And Love can but affect your mind;

Since



Since you alone possess *Leander's* Heart,  
Grudge not to other Nymphs the grosser part.

## II.

When wanton Passion leaves my Breast,  
Of Womankind, I love you best;  
Tho' I've been catch'd in *Celia's* Arms,  
And Conquer'd by *Bellinda's* Charms;  
When Lust has led astray your Swain,  
'Twas Love that call'd him back again;  
And you my Dear, may still with Justice boast,  
Where're I play, that you I love the most.

## III.

Whene're another I Embrace,  
'Tis for the newness of her Face;  
One foolish Minute, and I'm cloy'd  
Almost before she's quite enjoy'd:

And

And I, when the Apish act is done,  
 Care not how soon the Nymph is gone;  
 But to your Charms my constant love is due,  
 I can kiss others and still think on you.

---

## *The yeilding Minute.*

### I.

ONE Day when *Damon* with his *Celia*  
 (walk'd,  
 Whilst of his Love in easie words he talk'd;  
 The Nymph surveys the lovely Swain,  
 Then stands, then sighs, then stands again;  
 He smiles, and gazing on her Face,  
 They both were fix'd upon the Place;  
 At last she blush'd and turn'd away,  
 Look'd down and said, I dare not stay.

Then

## II.

Then on the ground, he gently sets the Fair,  
 She struggling, squeez'd his Hands, and cry'd;  
 (forbear;

Do not my *Damon*, *Damon* don't,  
 He kiss'd and cry'd, my Dear, I won't;  
 Her Breath went short, her Hands did shake,  
 She push'd, then pull'd him by mistake;  
 Till trembling on the Grass she fell,  
 And *Damon* — but I must not tell.

## III.

The melting Youth lay panting on her  
 (Breast,  
 And wish'd he might be thus for ever bless'd;  
 But sudden Tears, fill'd *Celia's* Eyes,  
 Alas! 'tis gone! 'tis lost the cry;

The

The Shephard, ravish'd with her Charms,  
 Folds yielding *Celia* in his Arms  
 And says, whilst thus in Love we're bound,  
 How can you lose what I have found?

---

## On *CELIA's* Bosom.

### I.

**Y**E Gods! how is my Soul amazed,  
 Since I on *Celia's* Bosom gazed;  
 I saw the *Pink* and *July-Flower*,  
 Decay and Fade in half an Hour.  
 Wrapt up in wonder, when I spied  
 How soon the freshest Nosegays died;  
 By her Coldness, Mien and Dress,  
 By her Looks I thought no less,

But



But that the Flowers which were lost,  
 Were ruin'd by some nipping Frost;  
 Then looking on the modest Maid,  
 I blest'd her Innocence, and said,  
 Those Breasts are sure the *Pyrenean* Hills,  
 Where ev'n in *June*, a rigid Winter dwells;  
 And why the more I thought them so,  
 Was, that they look'd like deck'd with Snow.

II.

But when I touch'd th' inviting Skin,  
 What Furnaces I found within;  
 I felt her Blood start up and fly,  
 And in her Veins boil Mountain high;  
 The Flame dispers'd thro' every part,  
 Shot thro' my Hand, and scorch'd my Heart.  
 Outward Coldness is deceit,  
 And undone my mystick heat;

I'm like a Flower of Leaves bereft,  
 Where nothing but the Stalk is left ;  
 What ever Snows without appear,  
 I'm sure there's a Vesvious near.  
 And yet I'm tempted with a strong desire,  
 To go in quest of this deep Gulph of fire ;  
 And will whatever place it is,  
 Like *Pliny*, venture on th' Abyfs.

---

*A Letter to Mr. Afgil,  
 writ at Colchester.*

FRIEND *Afgil*, who by cunning flight,  
 Would'st chouse poor *Charon* of his doit ;  
 And scorning to make use of Herse,  
 In travelling to your Ancestors ;

Ima-

Imagin'st thou shalt Corp'rally,  
 'Spight of th' Upholders Company ;  
 To Heav'n on better Carriage ride,  
 Than Undertakers can provide ;  
 Thou think'st it an ill natur'd trick,  
 That Souls when People are too sick,  
 Should in a Pet remove alone,  
 T' a better Place ; whilst cold as Stone,  
 They leave their Bodies in the lurch.  
 Indeed I'm almost of your Church ;  
 I love my Soul and Body too,  
 They've both agreed well hitherto ;  
 And, I confess, that from my Heart,  
 I am not willing they should part ;  
 But could be pleas'd to mount the Sky,  
 In my dear Body's Company ;  
 Only I doubt you won't be able,  
 'To make your Doctrine practicable ;

And if you did, no Parliament,  
 Or wealthy Men, wou'd e'er consent;  
 For tho' some seem to be in haste,  
 Few love to go to Heav'n too faste:  
 'Tis without doubt the Sense of the Nation  
 Witness the Act of Tolleration;  
 That Heavenwards the Roads are many,  
 And yours may be as good as any;  
 But yet none are allow'd to go,  
 With detriment to them below;  
 I'm very easie's to my self,  
 But woe to them that have the Pelf;  
 Who shall reveal the secret blows,  
 When Carcasses are gone? Suppose,  
 One worth Ten Thousand Pounds Year,  
 Goes with his Son to take the Air.  
 Pray, Sir, whither's your Father gone?  
 In *Asgil's* Coach, replies the Son.

Should



Should Bodies through the Welkin fly,  
 It would prove such a Tragedy,  
 Gun-powder Treason is a Farce to't,  
 And Pop'ry and Slav'ry be mine — to't :  
 The Rich by Servants in their sleep,  
 Would be knock'd on the head like Sheep;  
 If Mortals could forsake the Ground,  
 And a new way to Heav'n was found,  
 Without acquainting of the Sexton,  
 Tho' plain, and short, as hence to *Lexton*;  
 All wise Men ought to dig it up,  
 It's fit that there should be a stop;  
 Between the Life we live at home,  
 And th' other strange one, that's to come :  
 Nay, 'tis not safe with Hose and Shoe,  
 We should as with our Years we do,  
 Jump from the Old into the New.

I wonder how a Man of Sense,  
 O're look'd the fatal Consequence:  
 A Merchant's missing suddenly,  
 Perhaps he's murder'd, and they'll cry  
 He's gone to Heav'n; disprove it pray;  
 If they can shuffle the Corps away:  
 Indeed, if People when they're gone,  
 Could send us word what has been done;  
 We might be at some certainty,  
 As here to Day you put to Sea,  
 Next Post perhaps we'll have the News,  
 That you're arrived at *Helovet-Slucce*;  
 Wherefore if no Intelligence  
 Can any ways be had from thence,  
 Better than what from *Brown* we had  
 Between the Living and the Dead;  
 With Post and Stages to and fro,  
 I'm sure your Project will not do.

Death

Death should be publick, or else why  
 Are Neighbours call'd when People die ;  
 What signify the Passing Bell,  
 Searchers and Noise of Funeral ;  
 But that those that survive would say,  
 That the Deceas'd has had fair play ;  
 And therefore *Asgil*, pray be quiet,  
 For I'll be hang'd if you get by it ;  
 Or find one single Government ;  
 That thinks it is expedient  
 Or safe, that Bodies should go thither,  
 Unless when we go all together.

*A description of the Morn-  
ing, design'd for the  
beginning of the Second  
Book of Typhor; or  
the War between the  
Gods and Giants.*

**M**OST People had not half their sleep  
(out,  
When a fair Day began to peep out;  
But, hearky Muse, what pity 'tis,  
That opportunities like this;  
Such Themes which every Scribler touches,  
Should 'scape undamag'd from our clutches;  
Shall Eastern Skie, *Aurora's* Care,  
And Rosie Mantle slip, hold there;

It



It shan't be said, I rise thus early,  
 To call things by their own names barely;  
 And therefore, Bard like, I'll rehearse  
 How Morning came in lofty Verse ;  
*Aurora* rous'd by some damn'd Cock,  
 From a pure Dream, how in her Smock  
 She wrestled, with the Man she doats on;  
 Jump'd out of Bed, and slipt her Coats on;  
 And just then as the blowzy Lads,  
 Before the Sea, her Looking Glass  
 Stood dressing of Carrot Head,  
 And dawbing her blue chops with Red ;  
 Dame Earth pull'd off her Mask to *Sol*,  
 As Strumpets do to Sentinel ;  
 Whose Red Coat, in St. *James's* Park,  
 From every Face dispels the dark.

---

*The Speech of Bacchus,  
design'd for the same.*

**B**acchus set down his Glass, and said,  
    'These Mortals 't seems are better fed  
Than taught, a sign they fill their Bellies  
With no Milk-sops, or cooling Jellies;  
But good sound Meat, and Drink, and are  
In better case than we by far;  
And there's no Soldier dares deny it,  
But Valour is upheld by Diet.  
What have you here, in Heav'n that's nice,  
Unless some *Foutu* Sacrifice.

Whilst

Whilst they below look Fat and 'Jolly,  
 And laugh at your Immortal Folly;  
 They've Hundred Wines, as many Dishes,  
 Contrived to make 'em drink like Fishes;  
 'Twould do one good to hear a Glutton,  
 Extol the worth of Legs of Mutton;  
 Rehearfe what peck in a Sir-Loin is,  
 Or, a Phyfician prove, how Wine is,  
 'Spight Opium, Ambre-gris, or Borrage,  
 Th' only Specifick to breed Courage;  
 They whet their Stomacks with *Champaign*,  
 Then fill 'em to be dry again.  
 If y' are for Liquors to rely on,  
 There's Old *Cahors*, *Pontack*, *Obrion*,  
 Or New *Murgou*, where had we ever  
 A drop of *Nector*, of that flavour;

Sweet ~~Maukish~~ stuff, that tastes like ~~Phylick~~,  
 And only fit, if Gods should be sick;  
 Flat, blew, thick, foh! I can't compare it,  
 But to brew'd Port, that's nick-named Claret;  
 Be Wise, drink fragrant *Burgundy*,  
*Coutou*, *Mourin*, or *Vin d'aie*.  
 Oh, sparkling Juice! who would not lead  
 Against — a Bumper *Ganimede*;  
 Delicious, faith! Well, my Advice is,  
 To live like Men, and use their Spices;  
 Salt, Pepper, Shoeing-horns for drinking,  
 That keep all Flesh from Worms and stinking.  
 Or have we ought that relishes,  
 Like your *Balonia* Saufages;  
 Eat powder'd Beef, or if well done,  
 Your Cutlets *ala Maintenon*;



Neats Tongues, or good *Westphaly* Ham,  
 And if there be n't more heart in them,  
 Than in our Heavenly *quelque chose*,  
 Our *Nectars* and *Ambrosia's*;  
 May I ne'er enter Tavern more;  
 And call me Sober Son 'f a Whore.

---

*The Speech of Neptune,  
 design'd for the same.*

WHO first sat reaching a long time,  
 To fetch up some tough brackish  
 (slime;  
 Which from his Lungs with much ado,  
 He in the shape of Oysters threw.

Then

Then said, good Gentlemen and Women,  
 I've that to say, which is not common ;  
 For tho' set Speeches in our calling,  
 Are not much used, yet a Tarpaulin  
 May be as knowing as another ;  
 And being summon'd by my Brother,  
 Th' Eldest of Three, that sits down there,  
 In that great stately Elbow-Chair ;  
 Whose frame, 'tis true, 's not worth a rush,  
 But as 'tis lined with Crimson-Plush,  
 That came from *Flanders*, as I take it,  
*Flanders* ; I ! *Flanders*, there they make it. —  
 Quoth *Jove* quite tired ; if you'll go on  
 For God's sake let my Chair alone ;  
 Then frown'd at him : But all in vain,  
 For th' other loath to break the Chain,

Of his Discourse, told 'em what pity  
 'Twas to Bombard so fine a City;  
 As *Brussels* D' Sounds, what's that to us,  
 Quoth *Jove*, come to the business;  
 Those sawcy Giants, plague confound 'em,  
 What must we do? Quoth *Neptune*, drown'd  
 ( 'em.  
 They're damn'd unlucky Dogs; I've thought  
 All Night upon 'em, and so brought  
 Three special Councils for your ease,  
 Of which the first I think is this;  
 That a strict Order may be given,  
 That Children be a Bed at Seven;  
 The Second, which in my poor Sense,  
 Is of the greatest Consequence.  
 Is-- stay-- I say, the Second--- rot it,  
 The Devil's in me--- I forgot it;

Nay,

Nay, now the Third is gone also,  
 And, what's come of 'em I don't know;  
 Both lost, I swear, and it's in vain,  
 To study — if they come again  
 I'll tell you. — *Momus* scratch'd his Head,  
 Look'd upon *Jove* and cry'd: Oh sad!  
 Both lost! what curst thing it is,  
 Wits have no better Memories!

---

The



*The Encounter between  
Mars and Encelade,  
designed for the same.*

**D**AME Vict'ry in her draggl'd Gown,  
Quite tir'd with running up and down,  
Had almost clear'd the doubtful case,  
And was a going to take her place,  
When two, who had been looking long  
For one another thro' the Throng,  
Came within view, and spur'd by Fame,  
Flew from the Crowds to nobler Game;  
And now both Parties left their Foes,  
The shortest standing on their Toes;  
And thought it worth their while to see,  
A brush 'twixt Folks, they knew to be

E

(Which

(Which never happen'd in Romances)  
As well match'd as two equal Chances;  
Of Five to Nine, or Six to Eight,  
For one was *Mars*, so fam'd for Fight;  
Th' other the bloody *Encelade*,  
Who was as mettlesome a Blade;  
Both ran as eager to the full,  
As Dogs that run at Nose of Bull;  
And, being impatient to engage,  
Strove by their haste t' express their rage;  
Whilst th' Armies of each side intent,  
With what wou'd be the dire event.  
Stood hush'd, with open Mouth and Ears,  
And by their silence shew'd their Fears:  
When lo! the threatening Storm (Heav'n  
knows  
What's best) blew over without blows;  
For as they came, where each might spy,  
The foul looks of his Enemy.

In

In which they shot such flames of Ire,  
 As must have set their Beards on Fire  
 Had they been nearer half an Inch :  
 Just then their fury on the pinch  
 Left 'em, and fear of Death and Murder,  
 Would let their Anger go no further ;  
 As when two Balls of equal force,  
 Meet in the middle of their course  
 They fall, and by consent disarm  
 Each other without doing harm ;  
 So both their Courages did meet,  
 And dropt down at their Owner's Feet ;  
 They doff'd their Bonnets civilly,  
 Said Sir, how d'ye, and so past by.

On

*On Honour.*

**F**AR from the throng'd luxurious Town,  
 Lives an Inchantress of Renown  
 Call'd Honour, who by secret Charms  
 Pulls Swains from yielding Virgin's Arms;  
 For her the Husband leaves his Wife;  
 Despises Pleasure, Health, and Life;  
 For her the *Trojan* Refugee,  
 Forgot the Cave, and went to Sea:  
 By her the Daughter of the Sun,  
 Bewitching *Circe*, was out done;  
 From whose bright looks by Arts unknown,  
 She drew *Ulysses* to her own.  
 In bloody Fields she sits as Gay,  
 As other Ladies at a Play.  
 Whilst the wild Sparks, on which she doats,  
 Are Cutting one another's Throats.

And



And when these Sweet-hearts for their Sins,  
 Have all the Bones broke in their Skins ;  
 Of her Esteem the only Token  
 Is, t' have Certificates th'are broken :  
 Which in grave Lines are cut on Stone,  
 And in some Church or Chappel shewn  
 To People, that, neglecting Pray'r,  
 Have time to mind who's buried there.  
 Till some half-witted Fellow comes,  
 To Copy what is writ on Tombs ;  
 And then, to their immortal Glory,  
 Forfooth, they're said to live in Story :  
 A Recompence, which to a wonder  
 Must please a Man that's cut asunder ;  
 'Tis thought, the cruel-hearted Jade  
 Is, and will ever be a Maid ;  
 Because none e'er lay in her Bed,  
 Unless they first were knock'd o' th' head.

In senem lippum &  
 Asthmaticum, qui  
 annos Sexaginta na-  
 tus uxorem duxit,  
 & gladio se cinxit  
 inassuetus.

*S*ibilat Asthmatico fartus dum pectore pulmo,  
 Vixque semicurvum marcida crura trahunt.  
 Dum monet acre Malum rubeus quo stillat ocellus,  
 Sanguine quod tenui Balsamus omnis abest.

*Quid Juvat esse novus post bis sex Lustra Ma-*  
 (ritus ?

*Tutus & insolitum cur quatis ense Femur ?*  
*Suppeditat quem lenta febris male Construis*  
 (ignem,

*Et tibi pro Stimulo nil nisi Tussis adest.*  
*Non tua fert etas petulantis gaudia Lecti :*  
*Nec decet imbelles arma movere manus.*  
*At mihi nulla Fides : Pelignum Consule vatem.*  
*Turpe Senex miles, Turpe Senilis amor.*

FINIS.

---

---

T H E

CONTENTS.

<b>VV</b>	<i>Isbes to a Godson.</i>	Page 3.
	<i>To Madam N.</i>	p. 10.
	<i>Leander's excuse to Cloris.</i>	p. 12.
	<i>The yeilding Minute.</i>	p. 14.
	<i>On Celia's Bosom.</i>	p. 16.
	<i>A Letter to Mr. Aſgil, writ at Colchester.</i>	p. 18.
	<i>A description of the Morning, deſign'd for the beginning of the Second Book of Typhon; or the War between the Gods and Giants.</i>	p. 24.

*The Speech of Bacchus, design'd for  
the same.* p. 26.

*The Speech of Neptune, design'd  
for the same.* 29.

*The Encounter between Mars and  
Encelade, design'd for the same.*

p. 33.

*On Honour.*

p. 36.

*In senem lippum & Asthmaticum,  
&c.* p. 38.

